THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 29. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN held a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday afternoon.

His Highness the Nawab Nizam of Bengal, with his sons, Prince Ali Kudr Hussun Ali Bahadoor, and Prince Suliman Kudr Wahid Ali Bahadoor, were present at the Court, attended by Colonel Frederick Layard.

Mr. Bellew has commenced Readings of *Macbeth* at St. George's Hall.

Cook, the champion billiard player, was beaten on Monday, at Cambridge, by Roberts, sen., the latter winning a game of 1,000 up by 67 points.

A "blonde mees," now in Paris, has engaged herself, it appears, to an unhappy, deformed object, with a hump and a short leg. At a free discussion of the affair at the *Café Anglais*, the other night, M. X. delivered himself as follows: "Ça, son futur! Dites son *imparfait*."

"Si je me faisais vacciner, je voudrais que ce fût sur une vache nouvelle et non sur une vache qui ait déjà fourni du vaccin à quatre ou cinq cents personnes."

"Pourquoi donc?"

"Je craindrais qu'une vache qui a tant servi n'eût les pis démis."

Grâce, de grâce,
Il faut que *génisse* se passe!
Ah!..cela soulage!

A California paper says the Japanese "will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business."

Soyons l'écho du carillon du *Charivari* pourquoi vous mettre dans ce *cas Briollet?* (il n'a dû jamais être fait!)

Au Corps législatif:

UNE DAME.—"Pourquoi donc faire, ce clou à crochet que j'aperçois dans le mur, à côté de la tribune?

UN MONSIEUR.—"C'est pour suspendre les séances."

"How shall I disguise myself for the next *bal masqué?*" asked the amiable but dirty R—— of a friend.

"Nothing can be simpler," answered the latter, "wash your hands, change your shirt, brush your hair, and not a soul will recognise you.

Une bordée d'inepties:

Deux amis parlent politique, dans un couloir de théâtre, pendant l'entr'acte.

A force de déraisonner, ils en arrivent à comparer Thiers à About.

"J'aime mieux l'esprit de celui-là, dit l'un."

Passe la jolie marchande de bouquets du théâtre.

"Moi, dit l'autre en lui pinçant la taille, j'aime mieux l'About que Thiers.

On Monday a ewe, belonging to Mr. James Powell, of the Ulers farm, yeaned an extraordinary lamb, with two mouths and two tongues. The lamb is alive, and freely partakes of nourishment. A second lamb was afterwards yeaned by the same ewe.

"On épouse rarement sa maîtresse, mais souvent celle des autres!

During a recent trial in the Isle of Man the jury were addressed by counsel and judge for a period of 29 hours 55 minutes! Man is born to trouble, indeed.

Joseph, pour sa première place à Paris, était entré chez mademoiselle de Vanbontrain,—Bréda-Street No. 1001, ou autour du lac, de trois à cinq heures.—Or, Joseph se pique d'être un valet de bonne maison, et ne se contente pas de celles seulement où il s'en fait de bonnes. Il rendit donc sa livrée et se présenta chez la femme, nouvellement mariée, d'un de nos plus célèbres avocats:

"Mais, lui dit entre autres questions notre jeune mariée, n'ayant jamais servi que chez une femme seule, vous ne sauriez pas faire seulement les chaussures de mon mari."

"Oh! excusez, madame, c'est moi qui faisais toutes les bottes chez mademoiselle."

At the meeting of the Marylebone vestry the other day a letter was received from the authorities of the western division of the Post-office, stating that an old disused pump in Newman-street, Oxford-street, had been mistaken by some persons for a pillar letter-box, and several letters had been "posted" through the slit left by the removal of the handle. A request was added that the pump might be removed. A short time ago a similar mistake, on a more extensive scale, was discovered with respect to an old pump in New-street, Dorset-square. Numerous complaints had been made from that district of the loss of letters, and the matter remained a mystery until the pump was examined for other purposes, when it was discovered that twenty-seven letters had been posted in it. The vestry ordered the removal of the deceptive pump-case.

Voici comment M. Briollet explique dans le *Charivari* un des détails de la physionomie de M. Jules Favre.

Lorsque Jules Favre a prononcé son dernier discours sur l'Algérie, toute la Chambre était suspendue à ses lèvres.

"Il n'est pas étonnant, a dit M. de Tillancourt qu'il ait la lèvre inférieure pendante.

MAGISTRATE: "Did you beat your wife—yes or no?"

HUSBAND: "Well, your washup, I only giv her one or two with my handkercher."

WIFE: "Your worship, the villain blows his nose with his fingers."

"Dans une pièce en vers qui n'eut qu'une seule représentation au Théâtre Français, il y a une vingtaine d'années, un personnage disait:

Quel est ce cavalier qui rase le gazon?

Une voix dans la salle s'écria:

"Ce ne peut être qu'un perruquier en herbe."

A young man who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting himself for the bar, was asked, after his examination, how he got on. "Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with a look of satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness, "and what was that?" "They asked me what a *qui tam* action was." "That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes; I told them I did not know."

Bébé à faim.

"Maman, une tartine?"

"Dans une heure, et si tu es sage je mettrai de la confiture dessus."

"Et si je ne suis pas sage?"

"Tu auras du pain sec."

"Alors, je vais rester sage une demi-heure, et tu me donneras moitié pain et moitié confiture."

The proprietor of a large shop in the Boulevard Hausmann has hit upon a pretty method of advertising. To every lady purchaser he presents a bouquet, and 20,000 of these sweet-smelling handbills have been sent expressly from Nice. The place is crowded, as may be imagined.

Comment, X., a déjà une fille à marier (mais il n'y a pas plus de cinq ou six ans qu'il m'a fait part de son propre mariage!)

"Peut-être était-il veuf."

"Lui, pas du tout!"

"Alors, mon cher, c'est une fille *avant la lettre*.—de faire-part!"

Prince Pierre Buonaparte is a portly powerful man of distinguished appearance—distinguished in the sense that every feature breathes haughtiness and pride of race. He is tall, broad-shouldered, has a good bold head to which a lion-like aspect is imparted by the manner of wearing his beard, which surrounds his chin in a grizzly mass. His hair is scant and rebellious. His complexion, which is a pale olive, his nose and his deep-set furtive eyes give him a right Imperial look—that is while Napoleon III. is Emperor. He was dressed during the recent trial elegantly and with an evident desire for effect, in an evening coat, buttoned across his breast, baggy blue trousers, lemon-coloured gloves, which he never removed, and in the left hand a note book of crimson morocco which he never opened. The red rosette of officer of the Legion of Honour flowered in his button-hole. His voice is short, decided, and somewhat husky, but not loud; he speaks French with a marked Corsican accent. His manner was, candidly, not prepossessing. The calmness with which he recounted the killing of a fellow-creature was something shocking. Not a quiver of the lips, nor a word of regret; still one could see that he was not at ease. There was an odd involuntary movement of the lips as if they were dry and sought moisture. He gesticulated with his left hand, and, from the spring he made forward at certain junctures, it was not difficult to discover he was the slave of strong passions.

Mrs. Albert Smith, the widow of the popular author and entertainer, whom she had outlived nearly ten years, expired somewhat suddenly on Saturday morning.

A building, or rather the ruin of a building, is being swept away—namely, the ancient Franciscan Nunnery in Methodist-close, Overgate, Dundee, which was tenanted by the Grey Sisters before the time when the Reformation made such places in Scotland habitations altogether unsafe. The nunnery has long been occupied, partly as dwelling-houses and partly as a hall. The vicissitudes of religious "life" which the interior of the old building has witnessed, have been very varied. When the Catholic worshippers had been expelled, they were followed by Wesleyans; Bereans, the "Disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ" (who advertised themselves by means of a signboard); an obscure religious body, known to the public as the "Bonneters;" and quite recently the Evangelical Unionists. After these sects had ceased to worship in the old chapel, it became by turns a play-house and a lecture-room. When Thackeray lectured in Dundee on "The Georges," he visited the scenes in "The Yellow Frigate," and also the nunnery, in which he was much interested; and having mentioned Thackeray, this notice may be closed by recording the following incident of his visit to this quarter:—The great novelist, after leaving the nunnery, went to the town churches, where it was pointed out to him that General Monk had caused some of them to be destroyed by fire. He was afterwards conducted up Reform-street, and on seeing Panmure-street Chapel he started back and exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, what's that!" His companion replied, "That is an Independent Chapel." "Oh," said Thackeray, "that Monk were here again!"

The Colonel and the rest of the late Mr. Weyman's stud will be disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall, at Albert Gate, on the 4th April.

The following is a report on, and analysis of the new "Thames butter" by a competent authority:—

"South London Analytical Laboratory, New Kennington Institute, 282, Kennington-road, S.E.

"Report on four samples of Thames mud, and two samples of grease, stated to be manufactured therefrom, received from the editor of the *South London Press*:—

"The mud was found to be capable of yielding fatty matter in the following small proportions:

"No. 0.—Battersea	0·080
"No. 1.—Custom House	0·170
"No. 2.—Southwark Bridge	0·136
"No. 3.—Dowgate Dock	0·060

"The grease was very dark in colour, offensive in odour, and, from the nature of the impurities it contained, it was evidently extracted from some waste material containing silica and earthy matters. About 80 per cent. of it was pure fatty matter, and it bore a resemblance in odour to some fat extracted from the mud, but was not identical in composition.

"On the whole, as I doubt very much if the trifling proportion of grease existing in the mud alone could ever be profitably extracted without adding some other source of fatty refuse, I can only fancy that your informant kept back part of the truth as to its origin, and I am quite certain that it is entirely unsuitable for the adulteration of butter, as it is so different from that substance.

"JOHN MUTER, Ph.D., M.A., &c.,
"Author of 'Popular Food Analysis,' &c.

"March 17, 1870."

In the House.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17th.—In the Lords, on an appeal from the Marquis of Salisbury and others, Lord Shaftesbury consented to postpone, till after Easter, the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill. The peers then adjourned, after a very brief sitting, *en masse*, to hear the debate on the introduction of Mr. Chichester Fortescue's Irish Peace Preservation Act. In reply to Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Shaw Lefevre returned a so far satisfactory answer, that the loss of the "City of Boston," as to which there can now be unhappily little doubt, was, at any rate, not attributable to overloading.

Mr. G. H. Moore had the impertinence to ask Mr. Gladstone to make the amnesty of the Fenian prisoners complete—otherwise to let loose upon society the ruffian Rossa "*et hoc genus omne*." He drew a sensational picture of the severity of prison discipline (we don't suppose anybody absolutely likes it), under which he averred no less than five Fenians had lost their senses (had they not lost them before?); and he therefore asked the Government whether it would tend to their honour and credit to detain in durance "*the shattered bones of unfortunates, whose minds*—" at this point he was hooted down. Mr. Gladstone answered him very calmly, and the sense of the House was entirely with the Premier, when he concluded in these words, "Let there be no ambiguity with regard to my answer. It would be cruel to encourage any hope of the liberation of the prisoners, until there is such a change in the state of Ireland, that Her Majesty's peaceable subjects may be able to enjoy that security and confidence which form the test and criterion of a civilised Christian community." (Hear, hear.) Mr. Fortescue then introduced his Bill, the provisions of which are too lengthy for recapitulation here; but which gave entire apparent satisfaction to the House, especially those relating to the levying of compensations for death or injury, in the district in which the outrage may occur, and the suppression of the rampant and seditious national press. After a short discussion, in which the Irish element was sufficiently represented, leave was given to introduce the Bill.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18th.—The Lords had quite a long *sederunt* of nearly three hours, which was principally occupied in the debate on the second reading of the Lord Chancellor's High Court of Justice Bill. The great legal luminaries were, of course, in great force; but we are afraid we should fail to do justice to the subject, or their lordships' eloquence, so we shall pass on to the doings in the Lower House, which, as usual on Friday evenings, comprehended a miscellaneous list of questions and answers, ranging from Col. Boxer's patents and the deportation of native Christians from Japan, to the enclosure of the Regent's Park and army commissions, with a general infusion of questions upon every conceivable subject relating to Ireland, without which, just now, it is impossible for the House to meet.

Mr. Winterbotham, in a recent debate, having charged the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol with having, in a charge to his clergy, included "drunkenness, dissent, and overcrowded cottages," as three evils under the same condemnation,—which statement the bishop distinctly denied, and proved that no such construction could possibly have been placed on any utterance of his,—Colonel Loyd Lindsay took the opportunity of asking Mr. Winterbotham whether he intended to withdraw his statement. On the old schoolboy principle, however, of "tell a lie and stick to it"—Mr. Winterbotham declined to make any admission that he was wrong. The subject is unimportant, and we only devote so many lines to the record as an illustration of one of the amenities of Parliamentary discussion—happy thought—to avoid controversy with uncompromising opponents of the Winterbotham type.

The adjourned debate on the Elementary Education Bill was resumed by "Historicus" in a speech of considerable ability, and after a lengthy discussion the Bill was read a second time without a division. It would seem as if the question of education were the specialty of every member, for, at one period, nearly half the House rose with the simultaneous cry of "Mr. Speaker;" but as they, obviously, could not all be heard, Mr. Richard was loudly called for, and Taffy ought to have considered himself honoured by the distinction.

MONDAY, MARCH 21st.—An uneventful evening as far as the guerilla warfare of interrogation is concerned. The Irish Peace Preservation Bill came on for second reading; and, as might have been expected, Mr. G. H. Moore moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read that day six months. In the course of a speech, comparatively rational for so rabid a Fenian, he said, as an illustration of how wide a meaning might be attached to the word *sedition*, that he had absolutely been accused of sedition himself. Whereat honourable members cried (Hear! hear!) as if they were not as much surprised at the circumstance as Mr. Moore appeared to be himself.

Mr. Newdegate excited the incredulity of the House by stating that in the Mutiny at the Nore, the oath taken by the mutineers, of which he had a copy, was the same as the existing Ribbon oath. Mr. Saunderson contributed an amusing speech, in which he related one or two anecdotes of the system of Irish terrorism, which were very much *ad rem*. Mr. Maguire added a little more Fenian spice, and Dr. Ball supported the Bill; the debate on which was, however, adjourned on the motion of Mr. McCarthy Downing, after an ineffectual attempt of the Premier to bring on the division, to Tuesday, March 22, when the debate was resumed by Mr. Downing, who drew a perfect picture of Ireland as the land of peace and contentment; and Cork in particular, as a second Arcadia. Lord J. Manners followed in a good speech; but the feature of the debate lay with Mr. Whalley, who excelled himself in his own particular line. He (Mr. Whalley) had never prophesied anything in that House which had not come true, and so unerring was his prophetic spirit that he was afraid to prophesy that this Bill would turn out a failure (how kind!) The state of Ireland was attributable to Romanism, and the remedy he would propose would be to preach against the Pope all over Ireland. He (Mr. Whalley) had himself employed Mr. Murphy with great effect at Birmingham; (too great effect, we fear,) and all that was wanted was to employ a lot of Murphys to preach down Popery, as in the times of Oliver Cromwell and William III., and convince the people of their errors. (We regret we are unable to do such indifferent justice to Mr. Whalley's utterances, but if explosions of laughter constitute applause, then was Mr. Whalley loudly applauded, even up to the galleries.) Mr. Gladstone, as usual, wound up the tangled skeins of the debate in a succinct summary of the principles and objects of the Bill, which passed the second reading by a majority of 425 to 13.

Earlier in the evening, Sir G. Jenkinson passed a preliminary examination for the post of block-head-in-ordinary to St. Stephen's, by asking questions, one of which, calling in question the prerogative of the Home Secretary in the commutation of capital sentences, was distinctly out of order; and one, as to whether Mr. Bright had promised to restore Gibraltar to Spain, was simply foolish. In both instances he was unhesitatingly and most righteously "*sat upon;*" but, we regret to say, not extinguished, for later he re-appeared with a motion for leave to introduce a Bill to amend the Law relating to the revision of Capital Punishments, which Mr. Bruce said he had no objection to, and hoped Sir George would succeed in legislating on a subject that had baffled far wiser heads than his. (We should think so; but what can be expected from any one with such a name as *Jenkinson? Jenkins* is bad enough, and is bound to be, *primâ facie*, an ass; but what can be said when we have a final, or shall we say a *diminutive* syllable.)

The Coinage Bill passed through Committee in the Lords.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23rd.—The morning sitting was devoted to the second reading of Mr. G. O. Morgan's Bill for allowing the Burial of Dissenters in Parish Churchyards, which was opposed by Mr. Cross, who was defeated on his amendment for an adjournment of the debate; but the Bill was eventually shelved on the motion of Mr. Secretary Bruce, by being referred to a Select Committee, in spite of the strong opposition of its promoter.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 7.

FROM ANNA MARIA STRONGBOW TO ELIZABETH GUSHER.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—The time has come when feminine modesty must clothe itself in the garb that hitherto has been generally appropriated to the other sex. I speak figuratively, of course. In point of fact, not a few young persons of our sex have thought it their highest joy to exhibit to the coarse gaze of a promiscuous multitude their lower limbs unveiled by the petticoats of propriety; I allude, of course, to those lower specimens of the so-called weaker sex who are content to earn a livelihood — O shame upon them!—by performing in that species of dramatic entertainment known as burlesque. Spiritless things! I utterly disown them as sisters. But my natural indignation makes me wander from the point. I wish to induce you, whose superior mind I know so well, to join the great Woman's League, of which I am the unworthy secretary. I will briefly explain to you the noble objects our association has in view: in a word, we seek the establishment of woman's rights on their eternal basis of truth and justice. Since the days of the commencement of the now exploded tradition of the conduct of a person historically known as Eve, we have been unrighteously looked down upon as the weaker sex. We have been trodden under foot by the tyrant man. We have been wilfully and wrongfully denied our proper place in the economy of the universe; and the duties of housewife and mother are all that the jealous and proud lords (!) of the creation have awarded us. And, sometimes, on account of the intolerable folly of man in desiring the withering flower of beauty, even these are denied to some of us—you and me, for example. A spaniel-like meekness, superinduced by centuries of brutal degradation, has made us acquiesce in our disgraceful lot; but we are now awaking to the loftier aims of our creation, and are called to action by the voice of one of our oppressors, whom a sense of shame and injustice has aroused to proclaim, with trumpet-tongue, our rights. Need I say that I allude to the great apostle of female liberty, J. S. Mill? What we have to demand now, and we will not rest till we obtain it, is a perfect equality—politically, socially, and religiously—with the men. We demand to represent constituents in the Imperial Parliament; we desire to have the right of proposing to individuals of the opposite sex to be our husbands; we require the control of pecuniary expenditure, public and private; we ask to be bishops, and to fulfil other ecclesiastical offices: hitherto, we have been contented with the minor order of pew-opener. Why should we shrink from asking all this? To think of your illustrious namesake, whom a male historian has recently treated almost as harshly, in some respects, as he has maligned the heroine, Mary, Queen of Scots! To think, too, of the woman who was once a pope, if history err not! Oh, Elizabeth! what a sublime thing an infallible female pope would be! How magnificently she would regenerate a fallen world! But I must not indulge in rhapsody.

Our programme, then, is extremely simple. We must have votes, of course, for political representatives in Parliament; every woman, to make up for the past, must have two votes against a man's one; we must be eligible ourselves as members; we must have the power of selecting our husbands, and, under circumstances, of compelling men to marry us, whether they like it or not. The law of primogeniture, while it lasts, must be made applicable to daughters; we must be rendered capable of holding benefices and other ecclesiastical preferments. Besides all this, it is obvious that our superior and more incisive instincts, and our capacity for talking, make us eminently fitted for forensic and judicial positions. Why should there not be a Lady Chancellor and a Lady Chief Justice? I pause for a reply.

Now, my dear Elizabeth, you must join our society at once. The women of England, who have so long submitted tamely to the iron yoke of man, are about to rise in writhing Revolution! See the last insult that has been heaped on our defenceless heads! We—the spotless spinsters—are to be placed under the surveillance of the police!

At least, so I am told. I am bound to say that I do not altogether understand the nature of an outrageous Act of Parliament against which I have repeatedly petitioned. However, that does not much matter, as Lord Shaftesbury is presenting the petitions. Mind you sign as soon as you have an opportunity. Hoping for a favourable reply,—I am, your friend,

ANNA MARIA STRONGBOW.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXII.—ARMY.

First—

A flagon of malt, fresh and barmy,
He lifts to his disciplined lips;
And, with "Comrades, I give you 'The Army,'"
Nods gravely about him, and sips. CROSS-BELT.

Second—

Said the king, "Begone, brave army,
And don't kick up a row;
Or drink too deep that barmy
Beverage of the Plough."

Then straight they went, that army,
And rode right through the town;
And though the folks felt qualmy,
They knocked no person down.

They rode—that gallant army—
Through a bleak and sandy plain,
Unto a desert palmy,
And there they drew the rein.

That night, that valiant army,
Upon the plain they lay,
Till Sol rose bright and balmy,
To guide them on their way.

So may our own brave armies
Obey the king's command;
And wait till war's alarm is
Heard all throughout the land. HARRY.

Third—

Long, long ago,
In my days palmy,
I needs must go
And join the army.

We sailed the sea:
Breezes were balmy;
Life was a spree
Then in the army.

Captain O'Quick
Thought jokes no harm; he
Played me a trick
While in the army.

I came to blows:
Couldn't keep calm; he
Then pulled my nose
When in the army.

Tried for assault;
The Court did bar me
(For other's fault)
From life i' th' army.

* * * * *

Who, *Man of Town*,
Rhymes best to army?
Your smile or frown
Will make or mar me. SUBALTERN.

O'er arid plains and palmy,
With awful noiseless sound,
Runs swift a countless army,
And spoils the naked ground.

They hide fair heaven's light,
Transparent, horrid crew!
Funereal grey and white,
Resplendent gold and blue.

They fly upon the earth,
They creep along the sky;
Turn famine into dearth,
And make the desert dry.

In Albion's sheltered isle,
Though storms of hail may harm me;
My fields and meadows smile,
Safe from the locust army. FARMER.

In the leafy month of June
(Best of all months, bar May),
I march'd forward to the tune
Of bagpipes, in the army.

Then we halted by the way,
And a pretty barmai-
D begg'd me to my thirst allay—
Ah, how that beer did charm me!

Soon there came the sound of cannon—
Sound that did alarm me;
Box'd my ears were by a man on
Horseback—leader of the army.

"Go, join your rank, and stop that grin,"
He cried; and, as a star may
Fall from the sky, I then "fell in"—
Love with that pretty barmai- D.

"Rusticus pendens loquitur."

I said to Susan, "Ah, me!
You are so cross, 'twould charm me
If this day I could join the army."

Cried Susan, "Don't alarm me;
Some cannon-ball might harm ye,
If you went to war with the army."

"Then," said I, "Susan, calm ye;
I'll stick to labours farmy,
Feast on your kisses balmy,
And ne'er leave you, love, for the army."

G. H. T.

Said Dibbs, of the volunteer army,
To Lily, the desperate flirt,
"Bellissima, non ingannarmi;"
Said she, "Drop my hand, sir; you hurt."

He sank on his marrowbones, weeping,
"La mano, bellissima, darmi!"
Said Lily, "My hand? it's in keeping
Of one of the regular army."

What 's this that you say, Dr. Cumming?
Indeed, but you greatly alarm me;
I am more than half willing
To pocket your shilling,
And join your Millennial army. MARSHFROG.

Once I, a youngster in the army,
The while I smoked a cheroot balmy;
Slow lounging with Aminta strove
That love was blind as bat to prove.

"Love—beauteous boy," Aminta cries,
"How chanced it that you lost your eyes?"
"He gave them both away," said I,
"Unto his daughter, 'Jealousy.'" TRIPLE HARP.

Mr. Cardwell, the wise,
Is reducing the size
Of our gallant, old, hard-fighting army;
You may say what you please,
And feel quite at your ease,
But these measures a little alarm me.

In these mild times of peace,
John Bull says, "I can cease
To fear, and a saving does charm me;"
But in case of fierce war,
He will cry, with a roar,
"Oh! why did I cut down my army?" MILES.

In the early dawn of the dim twilight,
All the Northern* beacons were blazing bright;
The signal given to march to the fight,
For the French, they said, had landed at night.
Then the drums beat round,
Whilst the bugle's sound
Called out, amidst cheers,
Commingled with tears,
And some little fears,
The Dale's Volunteers;
Not fears amongst men,
Save one, I did ken,
The unworthy hero, alas! of my pen!

He, when on parade,
Would flourish his blade,
In a manner which made
Each bolder comrade
Sink into the shade!
But on that sad morn
He lay quite forlorn,
Unshaven, unshorn;
When, in dreadful alarm, he
'D heard of the French army.

In his tremulous need,
The doctor he fee'd,
Who straightway agreed
'Twould no doubt bring his patient great harm, he
Declared, if ordered to join the army.
So a sworn certificate duly was read,
Stating Ralph,† tho' ill and confined to his bed,
"Would willingly pay for a man in his stead."

As the day wore on,
Ever and anon,
Was heard a sad groan
From the women alone;
When they ran to prepare
Clean linen and fare,
To keep well and warm he
Who 'd fight the French army.

Some, filled with dread,
Sad tears did shed;
But little was said,
For all hope had fled
From those who prayed to be kept from harm, he
Who boldly marched to join the king's army.

When *other* news flew
The whole country through,
Poor Ralph he looked blue;
And sorely did rue,
When he really knew,
'Twas perfectly true,
The report after all was a false alarm; he
Ne'er heard the last of *being sick* of the army. HAWK.

* Vide "The Antiquary," Vol. II. p. 323. Note: "Alarm of Invasion," which extended to Yorkshire.

† The true Christian name of the cowardly farmer.

For self-defence I did evince,
In early life, a fitness;
The eyes and pates of my schoolmates
To this have borne witness.
As each new chum to school would come,
He 'd be egged on to spar me;
But, big or small, I licked them all
Before I joined the army.

Romance I 'd read until my head
Of doughty deeds was near full;
Don Quixote-like, I longed to strike
For dames, distressed or cheerful.
For any cause, 'gainst any laws,
A combat then would charm me;
But I 'll confess, I felt this less
Since I 've been in the army.

For that delight—*an Irish fight*—
To Donnybrook I wended;
The skin and hair which I shed there
Would make a hassock splendid.
I 'm altered now, for any row
Or noise I hear will jar me;
I 'm quite unnerved since first I served
In Quebec, with the army.

When there, furlough I got, and so
I over to the States went;
A Yankee maid I saw, and staid:
I heeded not how dates went.
Small time to woo had I; I knew
My leave o'erstepped would mar me;
Said Love, "Remain, and never again
Rejoin the British army."

Love won the day, I 'm sad to say;
We then made an engagement
To wed; but lo! a former beau
At this into a rage went.
His friends and he, with savage glee,
Decided they would tar me;
And in feather-mail, across a rail,
Restore me to the army.

Since that sad night I cannot fight,
Of courage it bereft me;
And my dread ride, the rail astride,
In halves has almost cleft me.
Courts-martial sat; no doubt the cat
Would be prescribed to scar me,
Hadn't surgeons swore I 'd never more
Be useful in the army. WOOD GREEN.

I loved a sweet Italian maid;
Her eyes were bright as stars,
Her tresses had an auburn shade:
I was a son of Mars.

I wooed her by the tideless shore:
I was abroad, on leave;
I told her that my heart was sore:
I saw her bosom heave.

She said, in rapture, "Tu m'ami!"
Then raised her drooping eyes,
As I pressed her lips so balmy,
I felt my courage rise.

"I shall leave the British army,
And fly my country dear,
And 'days' I have reckoned 'palmy,'
To have thee ever near."

She was, indeed, a fairy flower,
A child of beauty rare;
The rapture of that blessed hour
Was worth an age of care.

But fate, relentless in its grasp,
Cut short my life of bliss;
I seem to hear her fatal gasp,
And dream of that blest kiss. AMADEUS.

I am a girl about town,
Well known to many a toper;
On temperance men I look down,
But always look up to a smoker.

And you, Mr. Editor, darling,
Pray think me not forward or vain;
Should you pass by the Magpie and Starling,
Be sure you drop in for a drain.

Not that I 'm slighted by any;
For indeed, and in truth, at the bar, my
Attentions are sought by so many,
That they really amount to an army. SUSAN.

Your "Man Abroad" last week, I think, said
His pride of Waterloo was humbled
By the thought that envious fame
Denied to Prussia an equal claim
To the honour of that victory.
Who will not own on that dread day,
Unless old Blucher's stern array
Had borne them bravely in the fray,
And back that tempest hurled;
In vain had the blood of England's army
Tainted the breath of June's breezes balmy,
In striving to stem the advancing van
"Of warriors, who, when that morn began,
Defied a banded world?"* DIFFIDENT.

Competition Papers received.—A. A. P.; Crux; West Wind; Jus; S. S.; Jabez; Inkpen; Vivandière; Mormon; W. G.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXIII.—WHISPER.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

* Scott's "Waterloo."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. (Rugby).—Your communication shall receive early attention.

LEEWARD.—Apply to the stoord, which is rhyme, if not reason.

CINQ-MARS.—You have mistaken the day of the month. What do you take us for?

SÈVRES.—Two L's interlaced. There is plenty of spurious stuff in the market, and you had better not attempt to buy on your own judgment. The British Stone-jug is a much simpler affair.

BEEF.—At the Divan in the Strand. We quite agree with you as to the prevalence of bow-wow. At some restaurants it seems to be *always* the dog-days.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—Phobus' Fix—At a Quarter to Eight: Peep-o'-Day.

HAYMARKET.—An Alarming Sacrifice—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Shocking Events. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—Your Life's in Danger—Paul Lafarge—A Dark Night's Work. Seven.

ADELPHI.—My Precious Betsy—The Prompter's Box—Whitebait at Greenwich. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.

STRAND.—Widow's Weeds—Ino. Half-past Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage - An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

GAIETY.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: The First Night—At Nine: Uncle Dick's Darling. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

ROYALTY.—Love's Doctor—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

ALTHOUGH crossed and interfered with somewhat by the Irish Land and Education questions, Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY has lost little time in filing his replication to the Admiral's demurrer. Neither pleading is particularly remarkable for the severity of its logic or the soundness of its argument; but the latest contribution is, perhaps, superior both in coherence and arrangement to its predecessor; while in taste and temper the advocate of non-p.p. speculation is also fairly entitled to precedence. That Sir JOSEPH fails to make out his case, is attributable rather to the weakness of his facts, than to his want of skill in making the most of them.

Passing by what he terms those "other matters connected with racing over which the Jockey Club has undoubted jurisdiction, and which are bound up with the question of encouragement to gambling, such as early two-year-old races, short races, and handicaps," Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY fixes upon the leading point in the Admiral's manifesto, and addresses himself exclusively to betting, and the alleged abstinence of the Jockey Club from the subject.

Taking the latter first, Sir JOSEPH relies, for "proving the contrary," on the fact of the Jockey Club ignoring in 1844 the rule they had passed in 1842. No one, so far as I am aware, has ever accused the Club of consistency; and it would not be difficult to quote instances, both of its indecision and of its contradictory decisions. But the proceedings 16 years after Mr. CROCKFORD's death can hardly be quoted as precedents subsequent to 1857, when the final and comprehensive resolution which still obtains, was passed. Quoting the statute of 1844 in the face of an enactment 13 years later, is like referring to the Bankruptcy Act 1861, with the great Abolition Statute staring one in the face. Nor is it, I must add, sufficient to prove legislation unwise or unnecessary, the showing that it has been evaded or disregarded. That the Club at present "takes cognizance of bets," I must decline to admit. It exercises a certain supervision of an unquestionably wholesome character over the conduct of individuals; without which supervision, Newmarket would simply become a place where men would fall habitually among thieves. That warning notorious defaulters *over p.p. races* off the Heath is at all identical with a general interference with betting, I cannot think Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY can seriously believe. As to p.p. betting, Sir JOSEPH brings no new arguments of his own: contenting himself with quoting his adversary's anecdote about Sir CHARLES BUNBURY and Mr. CROCKFORD, than which he considers he could not possibly have a better illustration in favour of his own views. This is a matter of taste; and, in reply, I can only repeat, that the suppression of p.p. betting would, of course, annihilate the bookmakers. No one has denied, or does deny, that position. The question is, is the extermination of this class desirable? No one denies that Sir JOSEPH's club would kill the snake; all we question is the venomous nature of the animal. To attempt to argue on the score of *morality*, that both varieties are not equally poisonous, if poisonous at all, would be an absurdity of which, I am glad to say, the great Turf Reformer is not guilty.

As to non-p.p. betting, the evils of which the Admiral stated were so difficult even for the wariest to guard against, Sir JOSEPH says, very justly, that it is not for the clever people, but the public for whom it is desirable to legislate. Nothing can be more true: but "clever," in the sense used by the Admiral, is intended, I imagine by the context, to apply simply to those who, by prudent attention to the market, can discern a genuine commission from a false one, and to indicate a "pull," possessed by the partisans of p.p. betting, not possessed by the adherents of its rival. That no betting-man who intends to pay will lay large sums against a starter is a novel, almost a staggering statement. To mention a single instance, the first that occurs to me, I should like to know how much was laid against Rifleman for the St. Leger?

The rest of Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY's letter is devoted to an attempt to show that the Jockey Club *can* act if it pleases—a fact which no one disputes; and to a general assertion of the "wide-spread corruption" engendered by the Turf (*i.e.*, p.p. betting), which I take the liberty of denying *in toto*. If Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY meant the latter statement to be taken literally, it is plain that it is not only against betting p.p., but against betting, pure and simple, that his parable should be taken up. If the Turf does engender wide-spread corruption; if gambling be an upas-tree; if it be "fraught with detriment to the breed of horses," and destructive to commercial morality, why attack betting in part and not as a whole? If the gambling-house parallel is to be accepted, and Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY's complaint against leaving the tritons untouched, while the minnows are enmeshed, be sincere, why not complete the parallel, and make betting, from a "monkey" to a pair of gloves, illegal?

But no: Sir JOSEPH deplores the evils consequent on betting, but has "no Utopian views of preventing men from wagering if they choose;" he regrets the facilities that exist for indulging in the pursuit, but would keep open those that suit him best; he is the latest example of the divided interests which—

> "Shared in the plunder, yet pitied the man."

Whether the Jockey Club will consent to see with JOSEPH HAWLEY's spectacles remains to be proved. I will say nothing more, except to express, in the mildest form, my astonishment at Sir JOSEPH characterising the memorable *coups* on the Derby referred to by the ADMIRAL as "the large sums won and lost by certain great racing characters *in former days*." Surely, there is nothing ante-diluvian about Mr. CHAPLIN? Even Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY himself can hardly be considered—in any sense—as of a past age.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 17.

DEAD! is she dead indeed!
Drowned in the loathsome wave,
Choked with the slime and weed—
Mud for a churchyard grave!
Dead! and I long have lost
The love that I long since stole—
And I never counted the cost—
Dead! and I damned her soul!

Pitiless river, rush on,
On to the boundless sea!
Well may the moon look wan
Streaming on you and me;
Which is the murkiest, say,
Your tide, or my villainous heart?
You may sparkle by day,
And I had a devil's art.

I saw her smile over the roses
That bloomed round her childhood's home;
And she laughed as wreathed her posies,
And frowned when I whispered, Come.
I taught her the secrets of love,
She shook her bright hair and wept;
The passionate web I wove—
She fled while her mother slept.

Marry her? how could that be?
Such a marriage would stand in my way;
Nameless and low-born, she—
What would society say?
Of what had I really bereft her?
What for me had she really foregone?
So I loved, and laughed, and left her
To fight the battle alone.

And the battle is over now—
The hopeless struggle is done;
And pale is the victim's brow,
And never a laurel won.
Yet there gleams from the dead dull eyes
A light I alone can see—
As words to the pale lips rise,
And seem to say, Follow me!

Follow you! wherefore not?
Do I deserve to live?
Have I not cursed my lot?
What has life yet to give?
The waters are beckoning me
As I shuddering stand on the brink—
Lost love! I *will* follow thee—
Whither—I dare not think!

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

WE entreat our readers to be calm. We admit that they have every right to be suspicious. We make allowance for their clouded brow, their clenched hands, the wildness of their eye, even for the suppressed anathema which rises to their justly-indignant lips. But it is not so bad as that. They exaggerate the horrors of their position. We are *not* the colonel of forty years' service and no liver to speak of—whose yellow and awful shadow has so often crossed their path. We are not the deputy ex-collector of Lungoorabad, with ryot and talookdar on the brain, whose financial schemes, rejected by a thankless Government, have so often driven them to madness in Hanover-square. We are not even the typical major, resplendent in Rankin's happiest misfit, and shod with the shoes of Cawnpore, who brings the tastes and talk of twenty years ago to the Tavistock, and who has made their soul faint within them by comparisons, much to our disfavour, of the glories of Simla and Sohanpore with the feebler joys of our native land. We would not be guilty of such an outrage as that of dragging grievances like these from the congenial atmosphere of Allsop and cheroots in which they are periodically aired. Our beloved countrymen can take care of themselves, and if they have wrongs can, to quote Mr. E. W. B. Childers, "give them mouth." There are grievances and grievances. We beg a patient hearing for a brief recital of one that DEMANDS TO BE HEARD:—

Students of the *Court Circular*, as well as that larger circle which acquires its information of Royalty from the less ornate records in the daily journals devoted to such matters, must have been

startled from their propriety by the appearance of an unusual, not to say unparalleled, paragraph in the accounts of the latest *levée*. Amid the ordinary spectacle of pearls and ostrich feathers, of moiré and *gros de Naples*, of old point and new Brussels, there was a sight to be seen, more strange and suggestive even than old Lady Ruddle's painted cheeks, or the artificial locks which depend so gracefully from the head of the Honourable Gwendoline Barebauld. In full view of these and other successes of civilisation, in the presence of the magnates of our altered and amended Indian Government, the descendant of Meer Jaffir Ali, whose devotion won us the battle of Plassey, knelt to the Queen of England a suppliant for justice. Familiar as we all are, more or less, with Orientalism, from the barbaric gold and pearl of Rajahs to the ragged cummerbund of a shivering sweeper, the sight of an Eastern potentate is no unusual spectacle. Many of us can recollect the splendid presence of Jung Bahadoor; while most have a vivid recollection of the magnificent surroundings of the son of the Lion of the Punjâb, who formed so conspicuous a figure in the state ceremonials of a few years since. The graceful Princess Victoria Gouramma, so great a favourite with our Royal family, was also a familiar figure, the sight of whom took some of us back, not unpleasantly, to the land where the British juices are dried up at so many (a good many) rupees per mensem. With none of these were there associations of aught that could make their appearance at our Court anything but an honourable addition to the dignity and splendour of a dynasty which counts millions of "men of Garamant and Ind" among its subjects. There was a time, as none knew better than those on whom the Leadenhall mantle has descended, when the sight of Rajah or Nawab would have been calculated to call up painful recollections in the breasts of old pagoda-tree shakers, who came back from the Council with something more than a few thousands and a damaged liver to show for their service. Contemporary ghosts with Warren Hastings, even without so vast a weight upon their conscience as that splendid spoliator, might well have shrieked at the sight of some one of the many unhappy princes whose wealth, dignity, and honours had been absorbed, with no gentle hand, into the system of Coompani Sahib.

Apparitions of annexed Rajahs, deluded Bahadoors, and Begums squeezed out of shape, might fairly have assumed the shape of "armed heads," and disturbed the serenity of the reception. For there *are* incidents in the history of India, obsolete, of course, not altogether free from the stains of blood and dirt, which do not bear discussing in company, and there is some ancient Oriental linen which it is hardly to our advantage to wash at home.

But we have reformed all that indifferently well. British rule has long since settled down into its customary beneficence: just, wise, paternal, as beseems these days of enlightenment. We have long since ceased to squeeze plethoric Rajahs, and to subject refractory Begums to "pressure." The inviolable principles of right and justice are recognised wherever the British flag waves, and are, in fact, as rampant as our lion and unicorn. Even the mutiny failed to lower our high moral standard; and, although exasperated almost beyond endurance, we bore ourselves, in the moment of trial, as Christian men and rulers.

The old forms of injustice are clearly impossible since the old order of things has passed away; and the present exalted views as to the obligations of a Christian nation obtain. "A scrupulous adherence to subsisting engagements, and the obligations of public faith and honour," have been for ages (*vide* letters of successive Governors General *passim*) the leading principles of our Government. Have not all native princes been informed by Royal Proclamation, that "all treaties and engagements made with them by, or under the authority of the Honourable East India Company are by Us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained?" But we have left the Nawab Nizam of Bengal at Her Majesty's feet, a suppliant—surely there must be some mistake—for Justice. We will next week endeavour to explain how His Highness came to assume that position, and what chance there is of his rising to his feet satisfied.

The Grumbler.

REMEMBERING that England is allowed to be the finest coal-producing country in the world, it is really astonishing that London, its capital, should be the worst-lighted city in Europe. How is it to be accounted for? Why, from the impurity of the gas produced by the different companies in the first place, and the miserable burners employed for the lamps in the second. Then, again, what check is there upon the companies, who appear to take a pride in delivering the very worst and foulest possible material they contract for, called gas? Why, only saunter down Regent-street; take a stroll there any hour—say after the shops are closed—and ask yourself if it be possible to conceive anything more wretched, chill, or *triste* than the appearance of that vaunted, gayest, and sometimes busiest of our thoroughfares. No, it is impossible. Really, it looks as if Night's candles were just burning out in their sockets; and one longs for the great poet's jocund day to stand tip-toe—or, indeed, make its appearance anyhow—to dispel the gloom and dullness that, during gas-light time, always haunts the place. The same, indeed, throughout the whole of London? Of course it is; and along the boasted new Embankment, where the lights should be "thick as suns i' the Milky Way," or "leaves in Vallambrossa," they are as few and far between as buttons on a charity boy's breeches. Why don't the different parishes offer a good and substantial prize for the best and brightest kind of burner? Ah! why indeed? and then take care that companies competing for contracts for lighting are forced to burn the one selected? In what part of London, after dark, could one point to any particular district, square, road, or street, distinguished for its brilliancy; nor (unless from the glare of some gin-palace) could one exclaim, "See how yon little jet spreads its bright beams afar"—so shall conscientious gas directors' deeds shine out and hail them public benefactors.

So the journeymen bakers are going to turn out on strike? Yes; and, what is more, the grocers' men threaten the same thing; so that there is every probability of London waking up some fine morning, and each inhabitant finding himself denied his tea and sugar and buttered roll. What on earth is it these good folks want? Nothing a-week, but to be found in everything? The fact is, if all the threatened strikes are to be carried into execution, the sooner we have one general strike the better. Why not proclaim one general fast, or rather slow day? Order all the clocks throughout the country to be stopped the moment twelve o'clock has struck; and the instant Old Ben is silent, let the whole country understand there is one general holiday throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. Everybody must go without everything; and business, commerce, and trade of every kind having been brought to a stand-still, why, every one will surely be satisfied, and no one interest be sacrificed to the detriment of another. All licensed houses will then be closed, and the good and puritanical party made happy by the knowledge that all spirituous drinks, beer, and malt liquors of all kinds are withheld from a thirsty and thirsting public. What a halcyon state of things! Could such only be managed for twenty-four hours, depend on it we should hear no more of strikes or early closing movements—the one as detrimental to the interest and welfare of the strikers as the the others are injurious and inconvenient to the public at large.

Does any one know where M. le Commandeur de Lessessetaire Squar has gone? His horse (from which he has dismounted), still supported by a broomstick under his girth, nobly stands, an ornament to the finest, foulest, and filthiest square in Europe. But what has become of the rider? Has he gone to get his dirty armour cleaned, or gone into the neighbouring bandage-shop to get his arms and legs put in splints? Or, as also may be feared, has he wandered into the Alhambra, seduced by the dulcet strains of "He is just the man that would," or, fascinated by a *pas de Pitteri*, taken the odd step himself to step it? Where is Pollaky? and why is not a hand-bill instantly put about offering a handsome reward for the missing gentleman?—One of England's worthies, and otherwise known as "Leicester Square's Pride; or, the Urchins' Delight." Let us hope that he has not been wandering in the purlieus of Museum-street and got decoyed into the Antiquity Department of the wonderful collection there. Great Heaven forfend!

Oh where, and oh where, is our noble statue gone?
He has fled and left his noble steed all broken and alone.
Oh where, and oh where, can the gallant horseman be?
With his broom-stick 'neath his arm, and leg broken at the knee.

Go, seek him all about—nay, offer a reward—
For his steed looks most disconsolate amid the dirt-brown sward;
To him who finds the Commandeur, and puts him on his steed,
Should he claim the thanks of London, he 'll not merit them, indeed;
But if he can't be found—a case for which I pray—
Let the rails and rubbish all be cleared, and taken right away.
For far too long this hideous trash disfigured the old square,
Which has been renowned, both far and wide, as the dirtiest *anywhere*.

The Man Abroad.

Brussels, *March 23rd.*

IT was, if I mistake not, about six in the evening when I left you last week in the dark as to where I was going to take you to dinner. There are table d'hôtes of course, and those at the Hotels Belle-vue and Flandres have the reputation of being exceedingly good; but if there is one species of torture more terrible to me than another, it is the going through the form of dinner at one of those ghastly feasts. Apart from the possibility of being placed next to a typical English tourist, or to an un-tubbing foreigner who emulates the Japanese troupe in his performances with his knife, both enough to kill hunger and digestion, there is too much indecent haste on the part of the waiters to get rid of you as soon as the last entremet has been handed round, to permit of any one, except an American, enjoying his dinner, even were it prepared by a Véron or a Brillat-Saverin. Better the dinner of herbs than the stalled ox, if the first is to be partaken of in a *cabinet particulier* of the Café Anglais, and the latter in the gorgeous but gaudy *salle à manger* of the Grand Hotel de la Univers. Entertaining, as I do, such opinions, it is not to be wondered at that I advise any one who wishes to dine well in Brussels, to confine himself to three restaurants: the Provenceaux, in the Rue Royale; the Café Riche, in the Rue de l'Ecuyer, close to the Opera and the Galeries; and Dubost's, in the Rue de la Puterie, close to the Galeries at the other end, and leading from the Montagne de la Cour. The latter of these is the best of the three, especially for dinner; but as it closes so early as eleven, the others are in most request for supper; and I also prefer them for breakfast. Dubost, or rather the Dubost's, for there are two brothers, have a second establishment in the Fossé aux Loups, which is more for large dinners, *repas de noces etc.* Their father was a famous restaurateur in Brussels, so long ago as 1800, and, no doubt, dined many of our golden youth who were in Belgium with their regiments in 1815. Be that as it may, his sons and successors are more than equal to the task of feeding and satisfying (no easy task from the quantity point of view) any of those of the present day whom either necessity or the love of adventure has bereaved you of for a season. For the same money that in London you will get that basin-full of hot water, coloured, the flabby fish, the cut from a joint which has done duty for an hour or so previously, accompanied by what should never be seen or spoken of at a dinner-table unless it be in the shape of *macaroni au gratin*—I mean cheese—with a bottle of the adroitly-mixed brandy and sugar, which the waiter has his joke about, and calls sherry, you will get as nice a *dinner* as could be wished, with a bottle of St. Julien, which, if not equal to Chateaux-Margaux '48, is at least the pure juice of the grape, and has been in bottle several years. It is utterly impossible to dine well in London unless you go to one of ten places, and then you must expect to pay from a pound to thirty shillings; here, for half of the smaller sum you may defy Epicurus. Indeed, I myself prefer Dubost's to any Parisian restaurant, unless it be Voisin's, for they will give you a good dinner for little money; while, if you want to mount the ladder, and run into *cotelettes de faisan à la Richelieu*, and other lusts of the flesh, they are quite able (and willing)

to take your measure. To pass the evening after having dined is the next thing to be done; and if you like the theatre, there is but the *embarras du choix*. The Grand Théâtre de la Monnaie, which is the opera-house, is open every day except Saturday, from the 1st September to the 1st May; and though they have not a Patti, a Nilsson, or a Sessi to bring down the house (who brings it down, and who takes it up again, I wonder?) there are generally one or two very good singers, while the ballet and *mise en scene* are decidedly above mediocrity. It is here that the *bal masqués*, during the Carnival, take place; but, holding Carnivals and *bal masqués* in particular abhorrence, I was never present at one of them here, so I cannot say whether they are above or below the average of those idiotic entertainments. It was here that, during a representation gala, that I remember seeing, to my utter horror and astonishment, the king send, during the performance, for the directors of that English Company whose doings in connections with sundry "pots of wine" were so scandalous, and greet them pleasantly in the royal box during the interview. One of them, an obtrusive, red-whiskered man, perfect type of the low-class City man, was afterwards too big to get back into his own place, and had to be conveyed carefully to the foyer, where he was, of course, taken by the Belgians there for the Lord Mayor at least. The whole sight would have been comic, had it not been so painful as to have been to me ever since a heritage of woe. For this reason I have since had almost an aversion to the Théâtre de la Monnaie whenever I have been in Brussels. There remain, fortunately, two other theatres, which are very good—the Theâtre des Galeries, when they give you opera-bouffe, vaudeville, and comedy, *pale* the "Grande Duchesse," "Diable Rose," and "Paul Forestier;" and the Théâtre du Parc, where the drama is represented by the works of Victor Hugo, among others, with, of course, a fair admixture of the comic. I do not hesitate to say that, at the Galeries, the acting of Madame Delvil is equal to that of Hortense Schneider; while the way in which the "Grande Duchesse," and other kindred pieces, are put on the stage would reflect credit on any Parisian or London manager. It is here that the golden youth of Brussels come, in evening dress of that peculiar stiffness of cut that only a Frenchman or a Belgian can attain to—considered to be a perfect imitation of English evening dress. The price, too, is inviting, for there is no place in the house that can cost more than five francs, and yet there is an almost entire absence of the gods. I know fewer pleasanter little theatres to pass an evening away than this. For thirty francs a-month you can become *abonné*, so that, if resident in Brussels, no one can complain of expense on this head. Take it altogether, I should say that in Brussels a sovereign will go further than two in London. It is not astonishing, under these circumstances, that so many people discover that education for their children is better to be obtained here than any where else. Well, if they are too proud to say that they want to economise, that is their business and not ours. I wish that my lines were cast in such pleasant places, instead of being condemned to be a wanderer on the face of the—— Just received a telegram from the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, ordering me back to Paris to chronicle, for the readers of the *Man about Town*, the high jinks which are about to take place in honour of a visit that he is about to receive from the Emperors of Russia and Austria, to form an escort for whom he has secured the services of the Marquis of Exeter and the regiment of Northamptonshire militia, of which the latter is colonel. Captain Little is to be among the guests, and Mr. Quartermaine will supply the horses. The blood-and-thunder high-low comedy writer of the *Telegraph* is composing an ode in several languages, to be recited on their arrival; while Hotspur and Augur have been telegraphed for to show (by special permission of the *Sporting Life*) their majesties perfect patterns of the British Sportsman. *La suite prochainement.*

The injuries sustained by Lord Ailsa by a fall in the hunting field three weeks since, have had a fatal result. His lordship died on Sunday at his family residence, Culzean Castle, to which he had been removed from Kilmarnock.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

BY some unaccountable mistake, a portion of my letter last week referring to Admiral Rous's letter to the *Times*, *àpropos* of Sir Joseph Hawley's resolutions, was omitted; but I have the less reason to regret the fact that it was handled by our Editor in his usual trenchant style, and that Sir Joseph himself has replied to the Admiral's so-called arguments. It is to be regretted, for his own sake, that Admiral Rous does not confine himself to the apportioning of weights, and the direction of the Jockey Club business, instead of putting his hand to the pen; for he never fails, when he writes a public letter, to involve himself in such a mass of inconsistencies, as to prevent his opinions on the subject in hand being received with that amount of consideration that his long experience of the turf entitle them to. On this occasion, too, he has incurred the very grave reproach of descending the question in discussion from the point of dispassionate enquiry into the arena of personal argument, by the use of bitter invective against all who happen to hold an opinion differing from his own. However, as the time for the discussion by the Jockey Club of Sir Joseph's propositions is rapidly approaching, I will leave this *vexata quæstio* for a time.

The Warwick Meeting has been a very tame affair; the fields, particularly on the first day, being infinitesimal, and the quality of the combatants much below par. The only racehorse who made his appearance on that day being Sunlight, who, contrary to my expectations, was brought to Warwick for the Trial Stakes; Mr. Merry probably being anxious to see if his temper had improved during his period of transition from the chrysalis to the butterfly. This he was denied an opportunity of, as neither of the other three were on the spot, and Butters walked him over. The horse being enveloped in clothing, I was unable to judge what progress he has made; but from the little I could gather from those who had seen him in his box, he would appear to have furnished out into a magnificent-looking animal, which he may have done, without, however, being any the more likely to win the Derby. The Free Handicap only produced two runners out of the three acceptors; and here, again, Mr. Merry's colours were victorious—the Symmetry colt, with 4 to 1 on him, having no difficulty in disposing of Cauldron, a cast-off from Mr. Graham's stable. The Willoughby Cup was contested by only four runners *(quantum mutatus!)*, of whom Bambridge was made a great favourite, but as usual disappointed his friends, the finish being a close one between Ventnor and Champagne Charlie; the latter of whom was defeated after a close struggle by a neck. The Hurdle Race was booked a moral for Orne, who, however, had counted without Colours, whose only dangerous antagonist proved to be the despised Head Centre, ridden by Mr. Crawshaw, who was only beaten by a neck by Mr. Green's old mare. The Coventry Steeplechase was not, after all, a very exciting affair; for The Doctor, whom no one expected to see after his two severe races at Liverpool and Cottenham, put in an appearance, and though Moose was made a great favourite, on account of the Cheltenham party fearing to put the money down in earnest, won in a common canter by ten lengths from Fan, who beat Mr. Brayley's horse for second place. Beyond this, there is nothing to be said as to the first day's racing.

On Wednesday the sport was little better than on the previous day, and, though the fields were in most instances small, backers seemed quite at a loss to pick out the winners. In the Warwickshire Handicap only six ran, two of whom belonged to Mr. Brayley, the stable going for Midshipman. Ventnor was the pot, but was only third to Threatener, who won easily, and inspired with still greater confidence the followers of Walter in the City and Suburban. Silenus, though on the spot, was not allowed to run; but had his party seen fit to start him, he must, in the absence of Acaster and Starter, have secured an easy victory. Purlbrook beat easily a field of sixteen for the Hunt Cup, Archduke getting third; and for the Hunter's Steeplechase, Mr. Berkeley Lucy's Merlin upset Whiddles, the winner of a similar race on Tuesday. When I add that Pericles was last in a race which looked a moral for him, and that Pompeii began the season successfully for Lord Stamford, I have made as much out of a poor day's sport as can be got. Indisposition prevented me being present on Thursday, so I can offer no remarks on the sport of that day.

Epsom will monopolise attention next week; for Bromley is such very small deer that one can hardly count it as a race-meeting. The absence of two-year-olds will be a great drawback to the success of the Spring Meeting, where the Two Year Old Stakes were a very excellent garnish to the *pièces de resistance*—the City and Suburban and Metropolitan Handicaps. On this occasion, apart from the big race, the Stamford Plate, and a new race called the Nursery Handicap, for three-year-olds, alone invite criticism. The former of these may be won by Patrician, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb, or Filow, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb, and the lattter by Mr. Merry, who has the Symmetry colt, 8st 7lb, and the Seamstress, 6st 8lb, to represent him.

For the City and Suburban there is little for me to add to what I said on the 5th of February, as I feel convinced that the winner will spring from the lot which I chose on that occasion as a votive offering to the readers of *The Man about Town*. The question, however, is, which of them is the best; for though they are now all, or nearly all, at a far shorter price than they were then, and will, consequently, have afforded good hedging to those who backed them early, something more is required of one who aspires to the rank of a prophet. Ladas, 7st 3lb, is an uncertain starter, but otherwise I should prefer him to anything in the race, were he fit. Perhaps it will be better to wait for him a little later in the season. Miss Dayrell will either win in a canter or be in the rear division. If she can stay, it will be the former; if not, the latter. Chawbacon and the Seamstress filly have made little sign in the market, but must be dangerous, if backed; and Géant des Batailles will also show a bold front for the honour of Yorkshire. Neither of these, however, take my fancy so much as Gertrude, who is wonderfully well in, and, I hear, very fit. Under these circumstances, I should recommend those who failed to profit by my advice in February, to plunge wildly on Gertrude to win, and Géant des Batailles for a place. Sabinus, whom I recommended for the Metropolitan, will, I think, run better over a longer course such as that than over a mile and a quarter.

On Wednesday, the Prince of Wales Stakes may be won either by Recorder, 6st 8lb, or the Leila colt, 5st 13lb. In the Heathcote Plate, Patrician and King Cophetua seem best in. The Metropolitan Stakes will no doubt produce a large field; but at the present date, it is almost impossible to say who will be among the starters. In any case, Sabinus will be among the first division, and, with Revenge, render a rare account of themselves.

FORECAST.

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

AN announcement, headed "A Novel Fox-hunt," in a Brighton paper of this week, took us somewhat by surprise. It states that the Southdown foxhounds, having run a fox from Clayton Holt over the Downs to the Brighton Racecourse, he took refuge in a drain at the back of the Gladstone Inn. There were no less than 300 or 400 spectators to the finish of the hunt, which the refined ingenuity of some would-be sportsman suggested should be accomplished in the following manner: The fox, who had thus far given them a rattling gallop, and no doubt tried the energies of of man and horse, was dragged out of his honestly earned shelter, placed in a bag, and taken to the barrack-square, where we are told the 10th Hussars are quartered. The fox was turned out and raced round and round the square by the hounds, until a large black dog, who had joined in the hunt, caught the poor brute as he was scrambling over the wall. We are further told that the brush and head are to decorate the mess-room of the 10th Hussars, as mementoes of "the most splendid run the Southdowns ever had."

We should much like to know if the master of

these hounds was present on this occasion; for the unsportsmanlike conduct suggested by the finish, seems to us beyond conception. Every man, if he is a sportsman, rejoices when a good fox escapes, in the hopes that he may afford a good burst on another day. The motto of every sportsman, be he foxhunter or not, is to give an animal a fair chance for his life. This, however, does not seem to have occurred to the gentlemen of the Downs. No; it evidently required an immense display of horsemanship to powder round a barrack-square, even upon a second charger. It was a fine opportunity for a display of nerve and knowledge of hunting; and the sport must have been almost as exciting as Pincher in a pit with the last unfortunate rat huddled up in a corner.

What were the 10th Hussars doing to permit such an unsportsmanlike act to take place in the barrack-square? We have met some of the best men in England, both in silk and in scarlet, who were cradled in this regiment, and we are loth to think that one of our best cavalry regiments should lend themselves to such acts.

We should only be too glad to hear a contradiction of the whole, as stated by the journal in question; for, as the matter now stands we can hardly congratulate the Southdown foxhounds upon their *fiasco* of last Monday week.

Fox hunting has, of late, been subjected to several severe trials, in the shape of controversies upon its morality; and it is such acts as these that give a handle to pseudo moralists, and debase and degrade our fine old English pastime.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When fortune smiled upon the pair,
Undaunted by first vain essay,
Full many a plaudit rent the air,
And theirs the honour of the day;
Yet, while they laud him to the skies,
The hardy rider can but rue,
How thrown away the richer prize,
How wildly missed the nobler *coup!*

1.
With the "just and tenacious," will nothing avail
To produce this effect?—The world's ruin would fail.

2.
He may be old, he may be young,
Or just between the two;
He'll help you tie that knot with tongue,
Which teeth will ne'er undo.

3.
Full of quaint fancies, whimsical, grotesque;
In short, a very model of burlesque.

4.
Once a brisk trade amongst the higher classes,
Now scorned by all but sorry knaves and asses.

5.
The carnage was ended, there hung over all
A thick smoke mist, like a funeral pall;
But the vulture stooped, with unerring ken,
To the savour of blood and his banquet on men.

6.
Kings and kaisers there may have been,
Who their people held in thrall;
But never a kaiser or king I ween,
Who dared himself *this* to call.

7.
Much prized by fierce and lawless trader,
And Ethiop's dusky serenader.

8.
The cradle of the human race,
Alas! was no abiding place.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

C	ros	S
O	utpos	T
L	oos	E
O	D	V
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E	ve	N
L	os	S

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED:—Dein; Physic; F. B.; Violet; X. X.; Prospero; Midshipman; S.; A. A. B.; Newcome; Master Richard; Incorrect; Voitus; Trial Trip.

LATEST BETTING IN LONDON.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

5	to	1	agst Sabinus (taken and offered)
100	—	15	— Miss Dayrell (taken and offered)
100	—	8	— Claudius (taken and offered)
100	—	7	— Gertrude (taken and offered)
15	—	1	— Benbow (taken)
20	—	1	— Leila colt (taken and offered)
20	—	1	— Rosicrucian (offered; 25 to 1 taken)
20	—	1	— Oxonian (offered; 25 to 1 taken)
20	—	1	— Blue Bell c. (offered; 25 to 1 taken)
25	—	1	— Douglas (taken and offered)
25	—	1	— Géant des Batailles (offered; 30 to 1 t.)
200	—	7	— Myosotis (offered; 30 to 1 taken)
30	—	1	— Border Knight (offered; 1000 to 30 t.)
33	—	1	— Simplon (taken and wanted)
33	—	1	— Vestminster (taken freely)
33	—	1	— Vagabond (taken and offered)
500	—	15	— Ashfield (offered)
40	—	1	— Ladas (offered)
40	—	1	— Vintner (offered)

1000 to 20 each was offered agst. Newsman, Syrian, Muster, Captivator, Walter, and Chawbacon.

RACING FIXTURES.

MARCH.

Epsom	29	Bromley	31

APRIL.

Croxton Park	1	Durham	18
Royal Artillery, Woolwich	4	Enfield	18
Northampton	5	Knighton	19
York	6	Isle of Wight	20
Aldershot	7	South Essex	21
West Drayton	7	East Sussex Hunt	23
Thirsk	7	Cardiff	26
Cheltenham	7	Exeter	27
Liverpool Hunt	9	Croydon	28
Kingsbury	18	Eglinton Hunt	28
Newmarket Craven	18		

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring	2	Doncaster	19
Sevenoaks	5	Wye	19
Edinburgh	7	Harpenden	20
Chester	10	Bath	24
Winchester	10	Stamford	26
Salisbury	12	Croydon	26
Chelmsford	17	Epsom	31
York	17		

JUNE.

Spennymoor	6	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Newmarket July	5	Southampton	14
Carlisle	5	Isle of Man	14
Worcester	7	Knutsford	15
Pontefract	11	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Reading	12	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1¼ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2¼ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅞ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1⅞ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch.*)

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

"Well, dearest, where have you been to night? 'Monday Pops.' again?"

"No, Celia. I have spent a most instructive evening with the 'Anthropological Society.'"

"The 'Anthropohowmuch,' darling?"

"The 'Anthropological,' Celia! Are you deaf?"

"How nice! And where do they Anthropolodge,' Duckums?"

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Sporting Farmer to his Rector.—"Come to look at our hurdle-races, sir? Capital view from this lane."

Rector (who is there by accident, of course).—"Musn't go to races in Lent, Smith. *We are only out for a ride.*"

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Presented to Mr. Horsman, M.P., by his admiring Constituents.)

Fine Subject.—Portrait of a "Superior Person," by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

MORE THAN COULD BE EXPECTED.—Some people seem so utterly stupid that one feels relieved even to hear them say that they have "half a mind."

TOBACCO FOR TIPPERARY.—Among the various questions lately asked of Government in the House of Commons, one was a sensible one. Colonel French inquired of the Chancellor of the Exchequer "whether he would permit on any, and on what terms, the cultivation of tobacco in Ireland." Either it would or would not pay to grow tobacco in Ireland. If it would not pay, tobacco would not be grown; if it would pay, the freedom to grow it would be a real emancipation, and a matter of justice to Ireland. Perhaps we may yet live to smoke Enniskillen Shag, Trim Bird's Eye, and Wexford Returns; or, instead of foreign cigars, solace our nervous system with Waterford Regalias, Cork Principes, Wicklow Pickwicks, and Government Galway Cheroots. It would be a good job if, by permitting the growth of Irish tobacco, the legislature caused the fire of Irish sedition to end in smoke.

IRISH METEOROLOGY.—There surely must be some constant cause existing whose agency maintains the chronic disaffection of Ireland. Perhaps it is some disturbing element ever present in the atmosphere. That may possibly be a predominance of O'Zone.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The book published under the title of "Revelations of Quacks and Quackery," does not include "Apocalyptic Sketches" by Dr. Cumming.

(From *Fun.*)

SPORTING PROSPECTS.—Finnigan (to Murphy), looking at small gentleman.—So, that's the new landlord, Mick. Begorra, it'll be as hard to shoot him as a jack-snipe!

CUTTING.—Officials connected with the navy yards say that the Government has established a new series of "docks" at the Admiralty.

SUMMING HIM UP.—An accountant reminds one of a cucumber-frame—constantly engaged in "bringing forward."

MOTTO FOR VELOCIPEDISTS.—Where there's a wheel there's a way.

(From *Judy.*)

LATEST FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Fashionable Wife (pausing on her way to the carriage).—You are not dressed, are you? Going anywhere to night?

Fashionable Husband.—Drop in at a ball, I think, later on.

Wife (only for the sake of saying something).—Which one?

Husband.—One your'e going to, I believe. (Exeunt separately.)

NEWSPAPER TOAST.—"Then up with the *Standard* of England."

(From *Punch and Judy.*)

MR. BRIGHT.—We are glad to know that the President of the Board of Trade is so far convalescent as to have been able to undertake the journey to the Sussex coast. May the salubrious air of *Bright-on* have a beneficial effect *on Bright!*

"THE GREAT UNWASHED."—When Odger shall have been beaten at *Bristol*, we most strongly advise him to go to *Bath!*

A RARE CHILD TO KEEP A SECRET.—A "good *kid*," for it never "*splits*"!

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.—That of the earth round the sun.

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp.*)

We hear that the subject of "Spelling Reform" is shortly to come before the Philological Society. All we can say is, the auditors will be spell-bound.

It is all very well to abuse our guilded youth for gambling; but what shall we say to our painted paragons of the softer sex, who stake their lives on the hazard of a *dye*.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed that the SEASON of 1870 will commence on Tuesday next, March 29, on which occasion will be performed Donizetti's Opera,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.
Edgardo, Herr Wachtel (his first appearance these four years); Enrico, Signor Graziani; Raimondo, Signor Capponi; Arturo, Signor Marino; and Lucia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in England). Conductor, Signor Vianese. Stage Manager, Mr. A. Harris. The Opera will commence at Half-past Eight.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Entire change of performance. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

PEEP O'DAY, the Irish Romantic Drama, will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—The Pattern Fair, the Irish Jig, the Faction Fight, illustrated by 300 auxiliaries. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY.—The Old Quarry, Foil Dhuiv, or Dark Valley. Startling Sensation Scene. THIS EVENING.

PEEP O'DAY, with Characteristic Scenery, by William Beverley. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY, produced under the personal direction of F. B. Chatterton. THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—Characters by Messrs. J. B. Howard, Lewis Nanton, Barrett, J. Neville, F. Charles, C. Moote, M'Intyre, W. Fawdon Vokes, F. Vokes, J. Reynolds, Cullen, J. B. Johnstone, J. Morris, Mitchenson, Seymour, Silvani; Mesdames Edith Stuart, Barrett, Michells, Amy Roselle, Hastings, Harper, and Rosina Vokes. THIS EVENING, at Eight.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PHOBUS'S FIX.—New Farce, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. THIS EVENING, at Seven o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET
LAST TWELVE NIGHTS of Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, and Last Twelve Nights of Mr. Buckstone as Asa Trenchard, in OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, in consequence of an entire change of performance on Saturday, April 9. THIS EVENING, at Seven, AN ALARMING SACRIFICE. At twenty minutes to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with SHOCKING EVENTS: Mr. Compton, Mr. Chippendale, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Many inquiries having been made for the greatly successful Comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, it will be performed on Saturday, April 9, for Eleven Nights only, as a New Rustic Comedy, by H. T. Craven, Esq., will be produced on Monday, April 9, in which Mr. Sothern will appear. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

SOTHERN.—LAST TWELVE NIGHTS of LORD DUNDREARY.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

BUCKSTONE.—LAST TWELVE NIGHTS of ASA TRENCHARD.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Great Novelty and Attraction.—Fourth Night of a new and original Domestic Drama in Four Acts, by Henry J. Byron, Esq., with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Principal characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING, at 7.0, MY PRECIOUS BETSY: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, C. J. Smith, and Miss Eliza Johnstone. After which (fourth time), THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Mr. Benjamin Webster; Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Bewridge, J. G. Taylor, R. Phillips, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lavis, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson; Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Lennox Grey. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—At 7, Operetta, THE HAPPY VILLAGE. Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine; Mr. Perrini, Mr. Teesdale, &c. 7.45, Mr. Alfred Wigan (his 13th appearance this season) in the popular Comic Musical Drama, THE FIRST NIGHT, supported by Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. R. Soutar, Mr. Maclean, and chorus. 9.0 (13th time at this hour), H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING (88th night). Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton, &c. At 11.0, BALLET. Miss Henri, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Brian, and Corps. Carriages at 11.15.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—NO FEES.—Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—102nd Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—137th Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — Triumphant success of CHILPERIC, the great Opera Bouffe, in English. Supported by Messrs. Marius (Folies Dramatiques), Aynsley Cook, H. Rowland, Vincent, Odell, and Mons. Hervé.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CHILPERIC at 8.15. The great Umbrella Chorus. Hervé's Song of the Butterfly and Duet with Miss Muir encored nightly.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — The brilliant DANCE of CONFUSION and finale to the Second Act raises the nightly crowded audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm unprecedented in theatrical annals.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Places can be secured in advance; and the Management beg to inform the public that the performances conclude in time for the late trains.

ROYALTY.—Miss M. Oliver's Last Season. At 7.30, Andrew Halliday's Drama, LOVE'S DOCTOR; at 9, Burnand's Burlesque, BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Concluding with RELY ON MY DISCRETION.—Box-office open eleven to five.

PRETTY SUSAN, DON'T SAY NO, 1,846th time. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IS HIS NAME, 914th time. The song of the Tittlebat and Swimming Chorus, EVERY EVENING. Messrs Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Parkes, Oliver.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN, Burnand's Great Burlesque, 454th night.—Captain Crosstree, Mr. Dewar; Dame Hatley, Mr. Danvers; Shaun, Miss Saunders; William, Miss Caroline Parkes; Black eyed Susan, Miss M. Oliver.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. PHELPS.—Last Night previous to Easter.

ASTLEY'S.—The most eminent Artistes engaged to support Mr. Phelps.

ASTLEY'S.—OTHELLO, TO-NIGHT (Saturday).—OTHELLO (first time), HERMANN VEZIN; IAGO (by special desire), Mr. PHELPS.

ASTLEY'S.—NOTICE to LADIES.—In consequence of the overflow and inconvenience experienced by ladies obtaining their bonnets after the performance, in future LADIES WEARING DRESS BONNETS will be ADMITTED to the DRESS CIRCLE.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

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